

E. G. L.

# Mechanic Apprentice.

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CHARLES W. SLACK. }

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## CIRCULATE! CIRCULATE!!

We publish this month a Circular of the Association, addressed to the Apprentices of Boston and its vicinity, which we hope will find its way into every mechanic's shop in the city, and be the means of increasing the number of our members at least two-fold. Engaged in a cause which we know to be one of the most important in its influence upon the class which it is designed to aid, we have no hesitation in pressing its claims upon the attention of the public. We confess that we have no disposition to hide our light "under a bushel," but rather intend doing all in our power to place it upon a hill—ay, upon *three hills*—that it may give "light unto all the inhabitants thereof," and guide the youthful seeker after knowledge into the right path.

This Association now numbers some over three hundred members;—it ought to be—and we sincerely believe it can be—swelled to five hundred. There are, without doubt, fifteen hundred young men preparing for a mechanical profession in this city, and it seems to us no exaggeration to suppose that one-third of that number may be induced to join the society, if its advantages and claims are well presented before them. The Mercantile Library Association, organized upon a similar plan as our own, for the benefit of the young merchants of our city, now has one thousand members, and is steadily increasing, by which means they are enabled constantly to increase their Library, while ours remains in *statu quo*, save when some noble-minded and generous friend makes us a donation to be devoted expressly to that object. With five hundred members, we should be able to defray the ordinary expenses of the Society, and to expend some one or two hundred dollars each year in the purchase of new books, and in other ways increasing the usefulness of the Society—"a consummation most devoutly to be wished." *Let us have them!*

We hope the master workmen of the city will take hold of the matter, and use their influence to induce their apprentices to become members. Many of them, in their collective capacity, as members of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, have done us essential service, for which they have

our heartfelt thanks; and now, if they will but individually interest themselves in our welfare, we shall be indeed doubly grateful. We know of some men who would as soon think of permitting their apprentices to go half-clad in December, or of starving them upon saw-dust, as of neglecting to procure their enrolment among the members of this Association. Such men we honor; they look beyond the mere cent. per cent. to be accumulated by the labor of the bone and sinew of their apprentices; they see in them those who, when they shall rest from their labors, are to take their places in life, and they would fit them properly to discharge its duties. All honor to such men—they are worthy of emulation.

We repeat—Let these Circulars have a free and wide circulation, that every apprentice in the city may have a definite knowledge of the benefits arising from a connection with this society, and we doubt not the spring term will show a list of members unprecedented in the history of the Association. "So mote it be."

## THE LOWELL OFFERING.

We have perused with great pleasure and satisfaction, both before and since the establishment of the "Mechanic Apprentice," the little periodical whose name stands at the head of this article. As is well known, it is the monthly literary offering which the female operatives of Lowell present to the public as a fair criterion of the "mind among the spindles," and as such, receives not only pleasing favor, but warm-hearted encomiums from the community.

This work has been the humble means of producing a vast change in the public sentiment relative to factory life. That ill-will, that unkind remark, not so much against manufacturing corporations as, inconsistently, against the poorly-requited operative, — whose filial regard, or, perhaps, the requirements of stern necessity, explain the cause why those factories are filled, — which once was accustomed to be bestowed, *ignorantly*, we should be pleased to say, upon this class of industrious toilers, has in a great measure been removed by the success which has attended the publication of this little magazine. We are glad that it is thus. Can our friends of the factories give us no assurance of the longer continuation of their excellent periodical?

But the prejudice is not yet all dissipated. There is still work enough to be accomplished before the world fully acknowledges the respectability of labor. Let all, then, who are engaged in a laborious calling, whether by the loom of the factory or the bench of the workshop, strive to this end, — the proper appreciation and elevation of labor. Not that *we* feel wounded by any reproach which may be attempted upon our avocation, but that we may show to the world that in America, if no where else on God's footstool, the operative and the mechanic can hold as high a station in the mental, moral and social relations of life, as they of any other pursuit. s.

### OUR PAST MEMBERS.

We confess we often indulge a feeling of pride, not unmingled with exultation, as mention is made of the honored and successful career in life of those who have gone from our ranks, having in part moulded their characters, amid the associations which render pleasant and desirable our institution's privileges. They are a goodly company, who thus have honored our name, and well may we be gratified at their advancement.

It is not unfrequently that, glancing over a newspaper, we observe notice taken of the name or services of those, who, having arrived at their majority, represent our association, not only in our own city, but in the "utmost parts" of the Union; and, if it has been our pleasure to enjoy the acquaintance of such, how doth the simple paragraph call to mind the happy moments passed together within the walls of our assembly room, and make the heart glad with the remembrance of their many virtues!

There is not a mechanical pursuit which is not favored and advanced, there is scarce a profession that is not ennobled and adorned, by those who have been with us and of us. Whether nobly asserting the dignity of toil by the workbench, or proclaiming peace and good will from the sacred desk, we claim them as our associates and representatives; — and every new discovery which science and mechanics welcome at their hands, every new truth which is presented with glowing fervor and beauty from their lips, — *we* take pride in receiving as the offspring of minds strengthened and developed in our midst.

We owe much to our respected past members for the labor they have endured, the time they have sacrificed, for our good. We yield them much of praise and gratitude; and may each privilege we enjoy, each moment passed in grateful communion together within our rooms, but serve to more frequently impress us with the obligations to them, which their earnest interest in our welfare fully requires at our hands. s.

### CONFIDENTIAL.

We are about to let our readers "behind the scenes," into the editorial green room, for which we trust they will be duly grateful.

*Scene*—Our Sanctum. *Time*—Some time. *Dramatis Personæ*—The Editors, cogitating over the interests of the Mechanic Apprentice.

Well, Seigneur, if I might be allowed the suggestion, I think shorter and more sprightly articles would be an improvement to the paper.

Just so, most worthy sub; but genius, you know, is a sensitive plant, and doesn't like pruning.

Never mind, in with the shears, if you do wound the plant.

Thank you! it's very agreeable, isn't it, to gain the ill-will of the author, when you've no intention of cutting him, but only to *raze* his articles. You know somebody says, or if he don't, *I* do—

"Hell has no fury like an author scorned."

Heed not their rage. Give the public short, pithy articles, and my word for't, they will be much better pleased. Is not a cheroot preferable to a long nine?

Don't know, mi-boy; ask the Corporal. (To the Printer.) Room for the Corporal—room!

"Crack, crack the welkin now  
Roar, roar away ye guns,  
Shout ten thousand songs of joy,  
The Corporal comes—he comes!"

"We have before us the 7th No. Vol. 1st of the 'Mechanic Apprentice,' issued by the 'Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association."

\* \* \* \* \*

We do not know them, (the editors,) nor are we familiar with the society itself; but we see in it the germ of future usefulness and worth, and we take pleasure in discharging our share of a common duty, in giving them hearty good wishes, and every hope of final and flattering success. Let the people encourage them, generously. If we might venture a suggestion, from impressions bought by a long experience, without being suspected of any but the best of feelings, we would advise more of variety, more of the popular *melange*, in the 'Mechanic Apprentice.' In narrow limits, brief, pithy articles, is the true policy."

Our hat's off, Corporal.

There ye have it, ye verbose, prosy contributors, who would crowd an Encyclopædia into the columns of a newspaper. *Beware the scissors!*

\* Then you have something good to learn, Corporal. Our friends are ever welcome in Phillips Place, and if you can spare a portion of some Tuesday or Saturday evening, most happy shall we be to welcome you.

## NEVER DESPAIR!

We sometimes, while in conversation with our associates of the Library, and elsewhere, fall in with one to whom the future in life seemeth dark and hopeless, no fond anticipations cheering, and no bright prospect of success in business pursuits making the heart contented. The young man should not despair thus. Industry never yet failed to secure its reward, nor perseverance its merited prize. What though thy means are small, thine opportunities for a thorough education few and feeble? Turn to the glorious examples, which, like the faith-inspiring orbs of night, illumine every page of the world's history, making radiant with brightness the progress of mankind, and read there *thy* destiny! "What man has done, man *may* do," and merit rightly directed seldom is known to be inappreciated. Dark indeed must be that cloud which has not the "silver lining."

"Bate no jot  
Of heart, or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right on."

"The darkest day,  
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

Then up and be joyous. Let industry, sobriety and virtue fashion thy character and guide thy conduct, and thou need'st not fear the result.

"Would you then learn to dissipate the band  
Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,  
That in the weak man's way like lions stand,  
His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?  
*Resolve, resolve*, and to be MEN aspire.  
Exert that noblest privilege, alone,  
Here to mankind indulged; control desire;  
Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,  
Speak the commanding word—*I Will*—and it is done."

s.

## A SHORT DISSERTATION ON PROVERBS

NOT TO BE FOUND IN SOLOMON.

Among the many wise saws and quaint maxims that have come down to us from remote antiquity, we know of none which contains a more practical truth, though expressed in homely language, than the following: "Money makes the pot boil!" It's our private opinion, however, that the maxim is rather incomplete, inasmuch as money keeps every thing upon the move—pots, kettles, and all. Who the author of this sentiment was we are unable to say. Perhaps some individuals we wot of, who are for ever boasting of their taste for the old authors, and can find nothing worthy of praise in a new book, simply because it is *new*, may be able to favor us in this particular. Be this as it may, he had evidently studied the world to some purpose, and the result of his researches has been transmitted to posterity in the above laconic proverb, while his name

has been scratched from the musty roll of fame, with thousands of others, by the sharp scythe of Time. Such is the fate of genius.

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Another valuable, but, we must confess, somewhat hackneyed proverb, runs in this wise: "Money is the root of all evil." With regard to this maxim, we shrewdly suspect it to be an amendment offered to the saying of the wise man, by some carping critic, who found the original *rather* too personal to be agreeable. We respectfully offer our amendment, to make it read,—"*Money is the root of all evil*"—and of all good. This, we take it, would come nearer the truth, as, in this utilitarian age, nothing can exist, whether for good or evil, without the use of this all-engrossing motive power. The great lever of the universe—the *sine qua non* in social organization is—*money*! Without it, all the wheels in the machinery of life cease to whirl; or, as the poetical author of our first adage would have it—cease to "*boil*." Even a newspaper, the most self-existent thing out of animal organization, cannot *long* survive the withdrawal of its aid, but naturally sinks by its own weight, and "into nothing falls."—*Vive l'argent*.

☞ We hope none of our subscribers *take*; but if any should happen to live in glass houses, why, let them call in the glazier. This is only intended as a gentle "*hint*," which is said to be "sufficient unto the wise." It requires full three months, we take it, for an editor to gain the courage to inflict a *dun*; and six to—*starve*.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friends must pardon our sins, both of commission and omission, in the present number. We have done all in our power to accommodate our correspondents, but still have quite a pile of communications remaining, and they must bide their time. Study brevity, gentlemen, as the cardinal virtue, at least, when writing for the Mechanic Apprentice.

## THE REDEMPTION OF LABOR.

NO. II.

In the investigation of this subject, in which the present condition and future prospects of humanity are so intimately concerned, we have arrived at the consideration of the most useful and efficient *means* by which the class who labor may be emancipated from that moral and physical servitude which is now crushing their best energies, and which threatens to reduce them to a state of irremediable despair. Before proceeding in that inquiry, however, a proper understanding of the subject requires that the *evils* of their present condition should be arrayed before us, that we may see at what point an effort for their

isenthralment should be directed. We must glance at that stupendous confederation called, in cant phrase, Society—we must strip it of the gauze and glass which the conservative sentiment has thrown over it—we must analyze the elements of which it is composed.

Through this overgrown mass of corruption and honesty—fraud and justice—there runs a huge Chinese wall, dividing it into two distinct portions—the producers and the non-producers. But while the latter depends upon the former for the very means of life, and all that life holds dear, yet they are never satisfied with any thing less than the lion's share. They seize upon the fruits of an industry of the burdens of which they have not partaken, and appropriate it to their own personal aggrandizement and splendid ease. This is the basis upon which the present order of things exists; and how can a superstructure, reared upon injustice, contain within its walls aught but the elements of oppression? We are not prepared to assert that, in a just state of civilization, there should be no non-producers, nor does the force of the argument require it; but that labor should do every thing, produce every thing, and be permitted to retain only enough for the scantiest subsistence, while trade, commerce, and the legal profession, (who form, in the aggregate, but a third, at most, of the numerical whole,) monopolize nine-elevenths of the annual produce, that they may revel in all the comforts and luxuries of life, and hoard up a great mass of wealth, seems too monstrous to require any thing more than the mere statement of it to prove the stringent necessity of a reform of the system under which it is allowed to exist. But this, bad as it is, is not the worst. Besides being robbed of their fair and just inheritance—the produce of their toil—the laboring class are deprived of social importance and political equality—drudges in the field and the workshop, they are underlings in the mansion, and slaves in the forum. The *drones* in the "popular hive," besides stealing all the honey, assume the entire administration of the affairs of the commonwealth, and lord it over the industrious bees as impudently and unblushingly as if they did it "legitimately, by the grace of God." To be a workingman is to court poverty,—to stand as a sign of reproach,—to be a mark of general contempt. A man of that class is considered to be without mind, without soul, and entitled to none of the decencies of life—and when he attempts to rise above his condition, to assert the innate supremacy of humanity over all the accidents of birth or fortune, he is met by an opposition that seeks to crush him to the earth. "Mind your business;" "What do you know about law and equality?" "You ought to be satisfied if you don't starve these hard times;" and such as these, are absolute civilities, compared to some that are addressed to him. But if one, by fraudulently overreaching his brethren, is enabled to accumulate a portion of this earth's dross, it is all "How is your health, sir?"—all slime and slaver—with them! These, we know, are ungentle and unwelcome facts to speak of—we know their statement is more apt to excite a sneer, than a manly emotion of indignation. Shame that they are so; and shame on the unfeeling panders to avarice that their existence is continued for a single hour. But how can we hope for human regeneration, so long as the great majority of mankind truckle to that base and ignoble sentiment, which makes wealth and not worth, the standard of

respectability—which overrides justice and tramples on humanity, and teaches man to despise the intrinsic substance for the sake of the extrinsic shadow. But to what do all these things tend?

We know that ever since the time that a birthright was sold for a mess of pottage, or a brother bartered for gold, that the lust of a filthy and despicable lucre has been the besetting but insidious foe of the human race; that burning under the unholy passion for its acquisition, man has sacrificed every principle of honor, and stifled every monition of conscience; that the sin of Avarice has hung like an incubus on the wheels of civilization, progress, and improvement—scattered the seeds of contention and discord—gave birth to disorders and convulsions—bred the horrors of war and havoc—and checked the noblest achievements that humanity ever conceived. We see, even in our day, the same passions clustering around the same object. Who are its votaries in this land of pure republicanism? The toiling laborer or the speculating non-producer? The condition of the two classes answers the question but too well.—These worshippers of gold, what have they done, what are they now doing, what are they seeking to do? Let us see. A small class of men—a mushroom race—whose grandfathers, for aught we know, might have been honest soap-boilers, have sprung up among us, who, forgetting and despising the useful avocations in which their ancestors were reared, have seized upon the fruits of past labor, and the sources of present wealth, and monopolized them for their own personal aggrandizement. Nay, more; not satisfied with the common means of hoarding wealth, and the ordinary influence which that wealth possesses, they have gone into the halls of legislation and enacted laws to enable them to defraud Labor of the last sixpence it can spare. Thus, with the purse-strings of the public wealth in their fingers, and the entire legislation under their control, they coerce justice in our courts, dictate their own terms to the producer, and choose their own position in society. Talk of the absence of the laws of primogeniture and entail, as affording an effectual check against the rearing of a monied aristocracy in our land! The deceit is too shallow to entitle it scarcely to the barest notice. Such laws make but a straw's difference in the general result. In force, and property is confined to the *individual*; abolished, and it still remains with the *class*—and that is all we complain of; that is all we have to fear. No! that dreaded organization is already commenced; we have seen its operation. As its own social and political position and power have advanced and grown, those of Labor have declined and diminished, until it has become a mere creature of its will, to exist only by its good pleasure.

"Ye friends of truth, ye statesmen, who survey  
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand,  
Between a *splendid* and a *happy* land!"

We have thus seen that the evils that overload the working class are both social and political; but are closely interwoven with each other. Whether we should content ourselves with the mere reiteration of these truths, and the general agitation of the subject in this way alone, for the removal of the former, or exercise our inherent right of the ballot, for the entire eradication of the latter, will be considered in my next.

A. L. M.

☞ The following original Song, by A. J. H. DUGANNE, was sung at the first semi-centennial festival of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Institution, Oct. 2, 1845.

### THE MECHANIC.

Lift up thy toil-worn hand,  
Thou of the stalwart frame and fearless eye!  
Lift proudly now thine iron hand on high!  
Firm and undaunted stand!

No need hast thou of gems,  
To deck the glorious temple of thy thought,  
Thou hast the jewels which thy mind hath wrought,  
Richer than diadems!

Thou art our God's high priest,  
Standing before great Nature's mighty shrine,  
For the whole world—the glorious task is thine,  
To spread the eternal feast!

Even like the Hebrew Chief,  
Strikest thou on the rock, and from its deep  
Mysterious heart the living waters leap,  
To give the earth relief.

Mighty among thy kind,  
Standest thou, man of toil, midway  
Between the earth and heaven, all things to sway  
By thy high working mind.

Thou canst delve in the earth,  
And from its mighty caves bring forth pure gold;  
Thou canst unwrap the clouds in heaven rolled,  
And give the lightning birth!

Thou hast the stormy sea  
Chained to thy chariot wheels, and the wild winds  
Obey the o'er-ruling intellect that binds  
Their rushing wings to thee.

Thou canst new bands create,  
Where the wild rolling wave no mast'ry owns;  
And the vast distance of opposing zones  
Canst thou annihilate!

Lift, then, thy hand to Heaven!  
Spread thy toil sceptre o'er the sea and land;  
Thou hast the world entrusted to thy hand,  
Earth to thy charge is given!

### LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

#### NO. V.

MY DEAR HARRY,—Never do I look upon the vast and multifarious piles of buildings connected with the Established Church, but a peculiar sensation, almost unperceived, steals over me; a sensation whose source I cannot satisfactorily trace, whether warping my judgment from its true course, or directing it aright;

whether proceeding from prejudice or the natural antipathy of a mind reared among republican sentiments, to every thing bearing even the semblance of absolute power, I cannot decide at the time, and even when sitting down alone, and bringing my thoughts to hold communion with each other, even then the many antagonistic principles which are at work in every department of church and state confuse, and render every attempt abortive. At one time the state appears to be made up of qualities so completely oligarchal as to make me look back to the days when Venice fast falling from her pristine grandeur, like a decayed voluptuary covered with hideous excrescences, which but showed the rottenness within; in another phrase, she has the appearance of all that is noble and grand, laboring for the good of the whole, straining every nerve to drag the besotted and unfortunate many from the mire in which the ignorance of the part has left them, and then she points me to our own republican America, and seems to rival even her in the patronage of good and true republican principles.

From the State we turn to the Church, and then an enigma is presented more difficult to be expounded. On the one hand we see her ministers professing and acting what they profess, the greatest veneration for primeval simplicity, teaching the truths meekly, seeking not to take all credit to themselves and be puffed up by the vain ostentation of Roman ignorance, but steadily and unswervingly opposing the induction of sensual means to carry out the Redeemer's work.—Again we see her endeavoring to bring to life the fowl witch Bigotry, which had been "scorched not killed" by the glorious struggle of the Reformation; to raise up an unnatural power whose fiat should be consulted by all as all truth; to blot out from the book of time all the deeds of the Reformers,—to revert to the ignorance of the middle ages,—in fact, and we speak boldly, a junction with the Romish Church. And I am afraid such must be the fate of the Church of England; her only stay at the present time is the people, who do not understand the reasonings on either side; too ignorant to seek after the truth, and too bigoted to allow such a consummation as the clergy would desire. Among the clergy themselves the amount of learning decidedly preponderates in favor of Pusey, one of the leaders of the new party. I have looked into the arguments of both parties, but the contracted space of this letter will not allow me to enter into them, still it is my opinion that taking the fundamental principles of the Reformed Church, as the basis of argument, she will be worsted in reasoning with her opponent. The means by which I have arrived at this conclusion I cannot state now, but shall reserve for a more elaborate epistle. I look upon the Church of England as she now exists as an abortive issue of the Church of Rome, or as some one has well observed, Rome caricatured; sickly in her existence, rotten in her core, and doomed to an early death. The mother will outlive her issue, and be in vigorous action when she has passed away. By avowing this opinion I do not wish you to believe that I am at all in love with the principles promulgated at Rome; on the contrary, I look upon them as stopping up the very foundations of improvement in the many; as principles which I would believe after having passed through the more primitive and less destructive belief of the South Sea Islanders.

I never attend the performance of the Church of England ritual, but thoughts recur of what may be

its destiny a half a century hence, of the commotions which are in embryo, and each day confirms me more strongly in the belief that such will be the case ere long. On the one hand the reaction in favor of the Roman Church, supported as it is by such an amount of talent, and learning; on the other, sectarianism, blind in its progress, and supported by ignorance—standing as she does too between these two shows, sustaining a cross and never ceasing fire, and not capable of sustaining a great deal, she must ere long sink. Withal, there are wars and rumors of wars from a cross channel which are destined to bear a conspicuous part in the struggle; though at present in its infancy, it is healthy and vigorous, and is gaining strength every year, and the old woods of Germany will yet ring with the thunders of a second Reformation.

W. F.

## WANDERINGS.

BY A WANDERER.

(Continuation of Chap. VII.)

Returning to the office, I observed a "large poster," setting forth (in capitals) that an *Exhibition* was to be given in the "Town Hall," consisting in part of "Moving Dioramas, Rope-dancers, Italian Fantoccini," etc. etc., for the gratification, amusement and instruction of the good people of the town. Anticipating a rush, I turned my steps thitherward at an early hour, that I might from some eligible position look abroad, unobserved, upon the "beauty and chivalry" of New Bedford. I had seen all that could have been expected, during my brief sojourn, but I should have grieved to have departed from thence, of which Fame has sang in so high praises of

"Fair women and brave men,"

without myself having the pleasure of being able to attest to the sentiment, and joining in the chorus of the song, but digression is a weakness, let us return. A short journey over one flight of stairs brought me to a stand, (literally a *stand*.) where I was required, before entering, the deposit of a stipulated sum, for the privilege of participating as a witness to the "show," to which I quietly submitted, watching narrowly that I might see the same requisition laid upon a tall gentleman, encased in a pair of antediluvian nankin pants, who followed after me; but my feelings suffered a slight depression as I observed a little boy allowed to pass, paying only *one half* the sum extorted from me. I besought the sentinel that he would grant me the privilege to come under the benefit of such reduction; but he was inexorable, and I rushed madly in with the crowd; the secret was, (confidentially,) I wore a *hat* and "*claw hammer*" jacket, when economy should have suggested a "*razee*" and "*short spencer*." So dense was the crowd, and yielding as I did to the pressure, that I was, geometrically speaking, a *point*, i. e. "occupying an invisible portion of space." Issuing therefrom, I secured me a seat and saturated a new white handkerchief in wiping the perspiration from my face,—judge of my feelings! The hall was arranged on an inclined plane, the exhibition in front secreted the while, behind a green curtain, and in our rear hovered a band of *musicians*. (?) Now, their soft, sweet, dulcet notes falling gently upon the tympanum, passing thence, calling into action a combination of

the organs of Time, Tune, and Ideality, seemed to waft the soul above things transitory, (the green curtain before us and the exhibition behind that, included,) and we became as dead to the five natural senses of man as being born again into that atmosphere where Euterpe lives, reigns, and receives the homage of her idolaters, over whom she holds an illimitable fealty; anon, breaking forth in a grand fortissimo passage, dashing through a brilliant series of *cres'*, *sw'*, *sforzandos*, to the utter defiance of Dynamic rules, awakening all his passions and transporting them in a thunder-gust of Music, when the spell is suddenly broken by the performers coming to sixteen bars *rest*, which allows them an opportunity of breathing, and to receive the tremendous applause of the audience.

"The man that hath no music in his soul,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.  
——Let him not be trusted!"

Said I, as I shared in this ebullition of approbation and secretly examined the ferule of my cane to see if it had been injured in the operation.

The audience was a heterogeneous mass of old and young, short and tall gentlemen and ladies, among whom was that unobtrusive, modest and retiring individual, your humble servant, who, although he says it that perhaps should not, would say, without any equivocation or mental reservation, that it was a fashionable, intelligent, and discriminating audience.

The "fairer portion" of the crowd was a flattering representation of the ladies of N. B. Many were handsome, others merely pretty, and some, hem—hem—whose faces spoke more of intelligence than personal beauty. The conviction forced itself upon my mind, from actual observation, that many young men were there, to whom the exhibition was as nought—the band of fierce musicians on our rear, the deafening applause of the audience, the thundering of the mimic artillery, and the miniature conflagration, were unheeded—a conflagration more serious in its devastations was raging, which threatened to consume them—or rather, they were charged with a species of electric fluid, they themselves being *non-conductors*, could find a safe conductor only at the lips of the fair, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed being by their side. Such a *situation* must be *awful*.

Directly in front of me were a couple of those whom I have described. His arm (no doubt *unconsciously*) encircling a second "Venus de Medicis," whose

"Soft eyes looked love, to eyes that spake again."

The titter of a little boy, the anxiety expressed in the countenances of an elderly gentleman and lady, and the contempt visible in the face of a superannuated old ma—hem—maiden lady, were alike unheeded, and I buried my face in the crown of my hat and—*blushed*. *Courting* (I speak from others' experience, not my own,) is all very pleasant in its place, but that place is not in public; it betrays a shallow head; it is nonsensical—contemptible—*idiotic*.

I found, on my return, a party in the office, bound on a nocturnal frolic, and on their invitation, I made one of the party; but on further representations, I quietly withdrew, and was last seen undergoing a

gradual evaporation, up two flights of stairs, where, gentle reader, you will please leave me at the door, numbered —, in that long entry, —, and as I turn the key, you may possibly hear me whisper — good night. Thus ended the first day's wanderings of  
THE WANDERER.

### THOUGHTS' GLIMMERINGS.

#### OUR CITY: A WALK AND A TALK ABOUT IT.

Boston! With what feelings of pride doth the heart of the far-off wanderer elate as kindly mention is made of the favored city which gave him birth! and how doth the memory revert to those scenes of his early pastimes and pursuits, which never since, to him, wherever dwelling, have been equalled in interest or pleasure! There are a thousand associations which crowd the mind as utterance is given to the names and localities which were familiar to us in our boyish days, when the sun seemed to shine with more brilliancy, the earth teem with fresher luxuriance, and all nature rejoice in deeper manifestations of gladness.

We love to muse upon the pursuits which claimed our youthful attention, the pastimes in which we indulged with so much light-heartedness, the friends with whom we sported in reckless gayety, but who now widely are departed, — and mark the changes which time hath ordered, even within our brief remembrance, not only among once familiar scenes, but amid the groups we first chose as companions, and to whom, being the earliest friends we had, we were most devotedly endeared.

It is good thus to yield at times to the soothing influence imparted by a recollection of other days, when care sat more lightly upon the brow, the spirits bounded with greater elasticity, and our whole being was freed from the duties and requirements of active life. But not now do we invite attention to such reminiscences. Accompany us, if you please, in a quiet stroll about a portion of the city as it exists at the present day, encounter with us the hurrying, bustling population which make up the healthy vitality of the metropolis, and let every sense which will conduce to your observation and reflection be stretched to its utmost tension for the objects which will engage our attention.

Spreading before us in all its wonted freshness, and clothed, even now,\* in the beauteous garniture, save the full-leaved trees, which summer wears, is that pride and pet of Boston, its *Common*. Lined on three sides by the stately palaces of the merchant-princes of the city, whom commerce and the manufactures have exalted, how grateful cometh the bracing air from the open west! Across the bay, which glistens in the sunlight as it bathes the farthest limits of the public grounds, the neat cottages and tall white spires of pleasant villages prolong our willing gaze, while the sportive tones of those joyous urchins near by at play, ring merrily in our ears!

But see! along yonder shaded thoroughfare, just from the noble mansion, which, towering high with its many dazzling windows and covered piazzas, seems to lend a protecting security to the quietude of the hour, how majestically rolls the richly caparisoned equipage. The favored of wealth are they

who thus therein leisurely are borne along as upon the breath of the wind, cheating health of her expectations and exercise of its prerogative. Why envy not the lordly occupants of that coach? Ah, the enervating influences of a life of ease and indolence never secure the happiness attending a calling of sprightly activity!

But hie we away from this vicinity, where want is never known, and meagre destitution dareth not look in upon; where sumptuous magnificence lifteth high its head by day, and pleasure and revelry in illuminated halls, holdeth court at night, and gliding through one of the narrow avenues which open upon the park we have just left, enter the main artery of the great city body. What a moving, countless throng fills the street, and how one almost forgets his own existence, as he joins in with the hurrying, eddying, life-possessing current of humanity which is streaming onwards! Notice if you please, as we pass along how showingly are exposed to view in the numerous the varied goods and merchandise which may tempt, the longing eye of the passer-by. Silks from spirit-crushed India, and shawls from Cashmere, lawns from the pauper labor and starving millions of England, and jewels from the Persian Gulf, fantastic ornaments for the head and silken sandals for the feet, odoriferous perfumes to accompany the toilet and the many little necessities of fashionable life, by the rules of etiquette required, — every whim the oddest caprice would select or the most refined taste could desire, — all piled high in ornamented windows, and with luxurious extravagance, designed to bedeck or disfigure the giddy mortals whom pride ruleth, and great possessions have imparted station.

As darkness creeps on apace, and store after store is illuminated for the evening sale, what a sheet of bright flame, reflected from dazzling mirrors, lights up the crowded walk. How the rich goods, with tenfold lustre, are temptingly displayed amid the burnished lamps! What radiance of countenances as the hurrying pedestrians for a moment pause to inspect the well-assorted fabrics! How cheerily all around appear! But, look! guard well thy steps. What is this, that, crouching in the deep shade which some projecting window-sill throws upon the pavement, puts forth a feeble hand and lisping voice? A tender child, with baby face and tattered garb, its head bared to the chill of the autumnal wind, dealing out to the thoughtless, careless traveller, a little stock of fruits and sweets! O, God! how the rude blast that every now and then comes whistling through the silent passage-ways makes the little one shudder. Behold that faint smile which feebly lights her ashy face as she slightly adds to her little heap of pelf. Why stays she here? and where is her home? Alas, poverty never solaces those who follow in her train, nor misfortune doat fondly upon her victims!

But pass we on. Forget what we have seen, stifle the prompting of that better feeling within thee, which urges to sympathy, and mingle once again with the bustling, moving world. Avoid, if you can, the varied gyrations of that group of ragged newsboys who crowd around the Old State House, which, with quaint gallery and ornamented walls, stands a proud monument of the olden time, and let us turn into the street famed for its brave deeds in fond story, but now the often-trod avenue to the many temples of Plutus. If it be high noon, "in and out of banks and brokers' offices go busy men to hive and to abstract the golden honey," and see with what eager-

\* A most singular fact. Time — December 1845.

ness the busy, flitting, money-seeking throng pause for a moment to listen to the vague remarks and prophecies of some elder adept in speculation's service. All is life and activity. But one word is upon the lips, one thought within the brain,—MONEY. The life-task of a whole city is here accomplished in one single thoroughfare.

Who will attempt to give an analysis of the characters of the men who *here* "most do congregate?" What meanness, what avarice, what blight of all the tender susceptibilities of the human heart might here be exposed! What tales of wronged widows and forsaken orphans, and rich merciless relatives, might here be related,—even *here*, amid the stately columns and winding corridors of the Exchange, and the silent grandeur of the majestic edifices, which, seemingly, look down with such sullen indifference upon the votaries at their base! And how would the echoes of these confessions go up from the busy mart to the courts of high heaven, to be recorded till that great day when justice will be meted to the most humble, and the tears of the injured and defrauded, shed in agony and broken-heartedness, be remembered!

C. W. S.

[To be continued in our next.]

The following extract smacks sharply of Cowperdom; but it is true, and therefore no slander. So the "Times" must e'en grin and bear it.

#### HIT AT THE TIMES.

Rich Vice, full-hearted, looks with scorn behind  
On poor integrity, who has not dined;  
Great Humbug, driving, deigns not to salute  
Ignoble Science, trudging home on foot.  
Bare-headed Worth maintains a special grace,  
Credit in weeds, shames Villany in lace;  
And he who pays, is always he who rules,  
For Debt makes Slaves, as Idleness makes Fools.

PARK BENJAMIN.

☞ The editors of the city papers will confer an essential benefit to the Association, and add another to the list of similar favors for which the Society is indebted, by copying such a portion of the following Circular as will give the public a correct idea of the object of the Association, and its means for fulfilling the same. Will they do so?

#### CIRCULAR

*Of the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association to the Apprentices of Boston and vicinity.*

FELLOW APPRENTICES,—The Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, actuated by a desire to extend its advantages to every member of that class for whose particular benefit it was established, have authorized us to call your attention to the superior advantages which it now offers.

Having lately enlarged its Library by the addition of numerous valuable Scientific and Miscellaneous

works, and by other means sought to extend its sphere of usefulness, it appeals to you, by enrolling yourselves in its ranks, to assist in placing an Institution, already firmly established, on a still broader foundation. Occupying a station superior to any enjoyed in its previous history, and feeling confident that your connection with it could not fail to be one of pleasure and profit, it now invites you to participate in the advantages it is thus enabled to bestow.

The Library of the Association now contains over three thousand volumes, many of which have been lately added—embracing every variety of literature, and in the selection of which few libraries of its size will compare.

The reading department has been enlarged, and comprises the principal newspapers and periodicals of the city, and many from other parts of the country. Added to these are the Cabinet of Curiosities, the exercises of the Elocution Class, which consist of Declamation, Debate, and the reading of Original Composition, and the Lectures during the season—together forming advantages to be enjoyed in few institutions of the kind in the country, and which, when the slight assessment required (\$1 per year) is considered, will be acknowledged to be surpassed by none.

But even these are not all the advantages to be derived from a connection with the institution. The rooms being open on Tuesday and Saturday evenings for the delivery of books, and on Friday evening for the exercises of the Elocution Class, furnish an agreeable place of resort for young men. At these rooms, young men, like yourselves engaged in a mechanical profession will be met, and doubtless many personal acquaintances be formed, which cannot fail to be of great advantage to you in after life. When the confinement of the day is over, you will meet friends of congenial feelings and tastes, and here you will have access to all the news of the day.

A steady progress during an existence of twenty-five years, has placed the Association in an enviable station among the societies of Boston. Numbering over three hundred members, it is the desire of those members to add greater strength to it by the acquisition of still greater numbers. The first institution of the kind in the world, it has proved itself worthy of, and has received the support of the public of Boston, and should surely be the honest pride of the Mechanic Apprentice. Exerting a powerful though silent influence in his behalf, it has contributed in no slight degree to elevate his condition, and by him should its more immediate advantages be enjoyed. Upholding the character of the Apprentice, and proving his mental abilities by the productions of its members before the public, it now asks you, for whose benefit it has done so much, to advance and assist in the perpetuation of those privileges which it has been mainly instrumental in establishing.

The rooms of the Association are opened on Tuesday and Saturday evenings of each week for the delivery of books and the admission of members.

With the earnest hope that this will receive the consideration which the subject deserves, we remain, gentlemen, respectfully,

Your obedient servants,

J. M. W. YERRINTON, *President.*

GEO. OLCOTT HEYDOCK, *Vice President.*

S. B. WAITE, *Rec'g Secretary.*